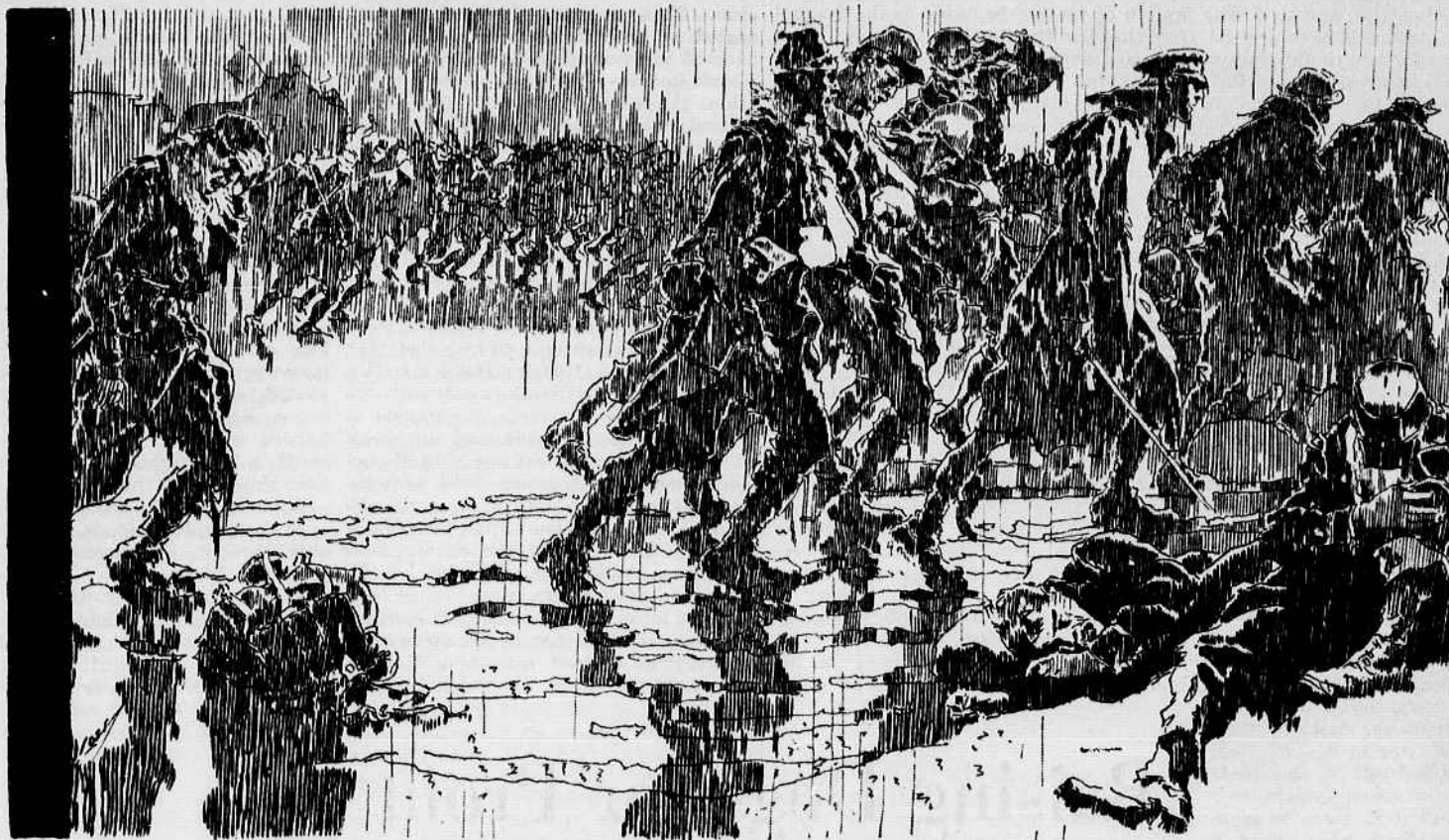


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Why Wounded Men Feel No Pain

SOLDIERS say that they find relief in any muscular action; but the supreme bliss of forgetfulness is in an orgy of lustful, satisfying killing in a hand-to-hand bayonet action, when the grunted breath of the enemy is heard, and his blood flows warm on the hand. This is a fling back to the period when man had not controlled fire, had not fashioned weapons; when in mad embrace he tore the flesh with his angry teeth and felt the warm blood flow over his thirsty face. In the hand-to-hand fight the soldier sees neither to the right nor to the left. His eyes are fastened on one man—*his man*. In this lust-satisfying encounter injuries are not felt; all is exhilaration; injury and death alike are painless.

When a little child is pursued it turns just before it is caught. All through life, in play and in earnest, the individual turns for the last struggle. Those individuals who did not fight perished, and by perishing left no progeny. And so it is that now most men—perhaps all men—under certain conditions face death and fight until death. So it is that now man, whom we consider as civilized, as self-controlled, as evolved to a higher plane than his savage progenitors, is thrilled by the death agony of his fellows.

They Slept While They Marched

PERHAPS one of the greatest retreats in history was that of the Allied armies from Mons to the Marne. Again and again I listened to the story from men who participated in that retreat, and their personal experiences varied but little.

After a sustained and heavy action at Mons, being overpowered by the enemy, the Allied armies began the retirement which continued for nine days and nights. One hundred and eighty miles of marching without making camp is the story of that great retreat in which the pace was set by the enemy. Only rarely were suf-

WHY is it that war correspondents who visit military hospitals hear no screams or groans? These wounded soldiers are just common flesh-and-blood men like you and me: they dread the dentist's chair as much; any one of them would cry out as quickly if he ran a fish-hook into his finger. Have you ever wondered about this? Have you ever asked yourself, "Would I be able to stand what these men stand, if I were in their place?" The best answer I have seen to such questions is contained in a remarkable little book by Dr. George W. Crile, "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace." Through the courtesy of Dr. Crile and the Macmillan Company, publishers of the book, I am able to give you these very interesting paragraphs. **THE EDITOR.**

ficiently long halts made for the men to catch a few moments of rest. Food and water were scarce and were irregularly supplied.

The point of paramount interest in that retreat is found in the sleep phenomena experienced by these men. It has been shown that animals subjected to the most favorable conditions, kept from exertion or worry, supplied with plenty of food, and in good hygienic surroundings, do not survive longer than from five to eight days without sleep. The mere maintenance of the conscious state is at the expense of the brain, the adrenals, and the liver, and these changes are identical with the changes in these organs wrought by exertion, infection, and emotion. The changes wrought by these activators can be repaired only during sleep. Sleep, therefore, is as essential as food and air. In this retreat from Mons to the Marne we have an extraordinary hu-

man experiment, in which several hundred thousand men secured little sleep during nine days, and in addition made forced marches and fought one of the greatest battles in history.

How then did these men survive nine days apparently without opportunity for sleep? They did an extraordinary thing—they slept while they marched! Sheer fatigue slowed down their pace to a rate that would permit them to sleep while walking. When they halted they fell asleep. They slept in water, and on rough ground, when suffering the pangs of

hunger and thirst, and even when severely wounded. They cared not for capture, not even for death, if only they could sleep.

The complete exhaustion of the men in this retreat from Mons to the Marne is vividly told by Dr. Gros of the American Ambulance, who with others went to the battle-field of the Marne to collect the wounded. On

their way to Meaux they met many troops fleeing, all hurriedly glancing back, looking more like hunted animals than men, intent only on reaching a haven of safety.

When the ambulances arrived at Meaux at midnight, they found the town in utter darkness. Not a sound was heard in the street, not a light was seen. The only living things were hundreds of cats. They called, they shouted; in vain they tried to arouse some one.

At last they succeeded in awakening the mayor, to whom they said: "Can you tell us in what village we will find the wounded? We were told there were many here."

The mayor replied: "My village is full of wounded. I will show you."

Stage of Unconditional Exhaustion

WITH the aid of a flickering lamp, they threaded their way through dark streets to a dilapidated school building. Not a light. Not a sound. There was the stillness of death. They rapped loudly; there was no response. Pushing open the door, they found the building packed with wounded—over five hundred—with all kinds of wounds. Some were dying, some dead, but every one was in deep sleep. Bleeding, yet asleep; legs shattered, yet asleep; abdomen and chest torn wide open, yet asleep. They were lying on the hard floor or on bits of straw. Not a groan, not a motion, not a complaint—only sleep!

Surgical aid, the prospect of being taken to a good hospital, the thought of food and drink, of being removed from the range of the enemies' guns, awakened no interest. There was a sleepy indifference to everything in life. They had reached the stage of unconditional exhaustion, and desired only to be left alone.

Dr. Gros' ambulance corps took the worst cases first. These were soldiers

